

Title: Service to Others

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I was a slave...  
My training complete....  
What I remember was  
following the will of  
others. I was good at  
it, I only wanted others  
to be happy, never  
questioning if I was or  
wasnt happy.

As children, my  
twin and I, were  
raised in slavery. For  
many that word has  
little meaning but to  
me it became my home,  
my school, and my  
way of life.

When we were  
trained well enough,  
the master of the  
slavery took us for  
his own, this position  
was sought out and  
highly prized.

We were pampered  
more but the slightest  
infraction would bring  
harsh punishment.  
Our training was to  
make us a pair,  
serving as one for a  
master. A plan to  
increase our worth but  
it was doomed to fail.

One day, my twin  
was late rising and  
severely beaten. I  
went to the master of  
the slavery, begging  
him to show mercy  
and was met with  
laughter.

So enraged I  
struck out at him and  
was stopped by the  
reflexes of the guard.  
Stripped and beaten  
we were taken to be

branded for our new master. I was still rebellious and caused the branding to scar me badly.

Being damaged I was sent to the kitchens, to serve the cook while my sister was sold to a new master.

While in the kitchen I was taught humility. No longer the favorite but just a common slave.

My mind would not hold fast to anything. Life became a blurr, my family long gone, my sister sold and now me as a kitchen slave.....

I was able to catch the eye of a visiting noble and his beautiful wife. Serving them, they inquired of my cost and I was sold on that day to Mesostopheles and his wife, Cassiopea.

At first my kitchen skills were only required then I was introduced to another slave, Kat. I was to take care of her as well. I eventually learned of my master's Daemon personna and his need for Kat....

Through my service, I was made a Handmaiden to Cassiopea, who was Queen of the Damned.

It was exciting and puzzling at the same time. So much evil yet honor abounded around me.

I met a tall, strong soldier of darkness named Dissident. He was very commanding and confident. The

words that come to mind to describe what happened next are foolish yet true. He swept me off my feet....

He went to my masters and a bargained for my freedom. Freedom...the word frighten me, I had lost it so long ago.

Dissident was very very rich and gave much to purchase me. My life's path changed drastically. No longer a slave but a companion to a feared warrior. Ones that looked down upon me, now greeted me as one of their own.

But fate was not done with me yet. Over time much was planned, a large wedding, proper attire, manners were learned, education of the politic of the day studied. I was to be a wife of a nobleman. Then fate changed that for me. I was deceived by Dissident, he was not the beloved I had hoped for and was cast out.

I returned to my former master Mesostopheles and his wife. They welcomed me and told me to find my future out in the world.

Traveling I met a sad and lonely Drow. Queen Cassiopea's sister had arranged our meeting. He was so mysterious and hard but with a gentle side to him. Thinking back brings a smile to my face. His speech was rough and jagged. Our words were so different